

Our first LAME issue

What's inside?



Blind Duck serves up
human fetuses, page E1



Big Guy gives his money
away, page 2.



A.A. celebrates successful
year, page F3

Quote of the week:

"This shit ain't real, man!"
Tyrone Jackson.

The Lame Duck

"At least I ain't a
blind duck!"



Almost April 1, 2000

CLIT a difficult concept, Cunnilinguists in demand

After a few embarrassing minutes of searching, Principal McNutt unveiled the CLIT, UTM's bid for the future.

"Just a second," McNutt said to Erindale College Council members as he feigned laughter and rifled through his briefcase, "it's around here somewhere."

The Communication Language and Information Technology programme, a joint programme between UTM and Sheridan College, is expected to absorb the dramatic increase in students applying to universities over the next few years. Educators have hailed the CLIT as "stimulating," "intense," and "breath taking."

"Now, as you can see on the slides," McNutt said, "the CLIT is going to really fascinate our young frosh. Based on our research, our young male frosh are going to have a particularly hard time grasping the CLIT concepts - we'll have to show extra concern for these eager beavers. We don't want them being embarrassed, after all."

McNutt put a detailed map of the campus on the overhead.

"Now, we're going to put the CLIT here," said McNutt as he used his laser pointer to identify the area zoned for the new building that will house the labs, lecture halls and offices that will act as the "centre of activity."

"Your probably thinking, 'that's a crazy place to put the CLIT, way out in the bush like that.' Well, you're right. But we put it out there so it wouldn't get stepped on."

Some student leaders didn't share McNutt's enthusiasm for the new programme.

"It leaves a bad taste in my mouth," said Tony Margani. "Until I'm inside, I'm not sure I can support this."

Principal McNutt had to guide Margani and Adam Bretholz, Margani's arch rival, over the mechanics of the programme's



SAC Presidential candidate Adam Bretholz raps about CLIT while his competition, Dean Brunton and Tony Margani try to figure things out.

delicate structure several times.

"I don't get," said Bretholz. "Where did he say it was? This is really hard to follow. I need a more hands on approach before my administration can support an initiative like this."

"Maybe when the students get their hands wet it'll be alright. Right now, though, the programme looks pretty dry," said

Bretholz.

McNutt said the student leaders will get over their anxiety about the programme.

"It's natural to feel little anxious about things like this," said McNutt. "I felt apprehensive myself when we discussed the preliminary proposal. You just have to work at this sort of thing."

"Suck it up," advised McNutt.

A promise is a promise and he keeps his promises



By Anthony Ravenwood

Big Guy Andy Baghaei, ECSU vice-president of finance, finally established the scholarship fund he promised during his election campaign last year.

"I did what I could, guy," said Baghaei. "I tried financially and I was finally able to put somethin' together."

Some students criticized Baghaei because the scholarship wasn't quite as much as he'd originally promised. Baghaei, and other members of last year's Erindale Action Party, promised to donate half of their salaries if they were elected.

"What the hell is this shit?" asked one first year student holding a cheque for 50 cents. "This is an insult. If this is all he's gonna give he can keep it. What's he want me to buy, a pencil?"

Baghaei said he is hurt by the students' criticism.

"Why's he dissin' me," asked Baghaei while crawling into his new, black, 525 BMW. "I help these kids and they dump on me. Fuck! Doesn't he think he can use pencils?"

"I only wanted to help the kids," added Baghaei, wiping a tear that was running from underneath his Armani shades. "I'm as financially strapped as he is. My intentions were good."

Baghaei's total donation was \$5. It was split between ten science students. Any student who brought a bagged lunch to school, wore out-of-date clothing, or drove an old, battered car was eligible.

Baghaei recalled one of the students who received the award.

"I went out into the parking lot and saw this guy getting into this

shitty looking LeBaron," said Baghaei. "Guy, I could hardly keep myself from cryin'. He was wearing these old black shoes and chewin' on this sandwich he brought from home," said Baghaei.

"I knew he needed the award. Yo, you should have seen his face when I told him he'd just won the Big Guy Baghaei science scholarship. It was crazy guy, crazy. Yo, mad laughs, man, crazy!"

Rose Oliveira, a member of last year's EAP ticket and this year's ECSU service coordinator, did not fulfill her promise.

"There are promises then there are promises," said Oliveira. "That was one of those promises you make without really knowing what you're doing so I don't have to keep it."

"Besides," said Oliveira, "it wasn't really my idea, I just used it to get elected. It worked great!"

Oliveira urged students running for positions on ECSU next year to make similar promises.

"Go ahead, have a great time. Give 'em what they want and get yourself a place on the council. Then, when you get here, tell 'em what it's really like, smile, and say you're sorry."

Baghaei presented the ten students with their cheques last week outside the ECSU office. He gave the recipients a free glass of spring water and an award, printed on the back of copies of the ECSU constitution, that read "Like, congrdultions. From the Big Guy. Yo, keep it up, word up, yo..."

"Yo man, it's great that we can recycle something that we don't use and make someone feel special at the same time," said Baghaei of the awards.

By Rocco Van Zant QSS News FLASH! Committee approves shoelaces

After hours of discussion, QSS approved shoelaces in principle.

"I'm really proud of the work our student leaders are doing in relation to the safety of our students on campus," said Les McCormick, dean of student affairs. "They really are dedicated to bringing these important issues up for discussion."

Pickle Brownoser, the chief executive assistant of external affairs for Walksafer and deputy hero of UTM's safety brigade, said that QSS needs to take a more active role in keeping students safe from everything bad.

"These are serious matters. There are far too many apathetic students who don't take an interest in their personal safety. We need to make sure that these students realize that they need to protect themselves."

QSS also voted to support Bring Your Children To Work Day and decided that it is "good to eat breakfast because a full stomach makes for good learning."

The committee resolved to take a more proactive approach to resolving student issues.

"It's out with the old and in with the new for QSS (Quality Service to Students)," said Les McCormick, dean of student affairs.

"We will no longer be wasting time discussing our feelings," said McCormick. "It's time for action."

Under the previous system governing QSS meetings, members would meet once a month, gather in a circle, and in true kindergarten fashion, take turns expressing their opinions.

"The old system of getting things done was far too complicated, and put way too much pressure on members," said a QSS member and second-year student, and QSS member.

Members would then be assigned to further investigate issues relevant to students and report their findings at the QSS meeting the following month.

"The timeline was just unacceptable," said McCormick. "After all, we are trying to deliver 'quality' service to students. Quality takes time." Last week, members voted unanimously to modify the system to allow for a two month time lapse between meetings. "I think that we will be able to deliver better service to students if we allow ourselves double the time. It only makes sense," said McCormick.

The meeting was adjourned following the vote, but not before members joined hands and played their traditional game of 'Ring around the Rosy.'

NEWS FLASH!///

"While some things change, you can always count on others to stay the same," said a QSS member of the meetings ritualistic conclusion.

Architects take back the student centre

Martin Kohn and John Shnier, architects of the Student Centre repossessed the building last week, leaving a big hole where the new building once stood.

Kohn and Shnier loaded the whole Student Centre into the back of Kohn's BMW last week and took the centre to a school that cares.

Ever since it opened, the building has failed to attract students and the architects seemed disappointed that their brilliant work was not respected by stupid undergrads who wouldn't know the difference between great architecture and a hunk of shit.

One professor, who wished to remain unnamed, felt it was the students' fault for not supporting the building.

"What do students want? Sure the building was useless outside of pub nights, but it looked pretty. That's all that really matters in architecture – does it look pretty? Students clearly know nothing about architecture – if they did, they would feel compelled, by the sheer power of the architectural brilliance, to use it."

Students threw a celebration party on the empty lot.

"It's like they just broke down the Berlin Wall," said one student. "The building oppressed us and made us guilty for years. Administration was always bitching because we weren't comfortable inside."

"Now we're free. We're free and we can live like normal students."

Another student, holding a piece of broken glass from the building, said the event will always remind him that good things do happen.

"Until now I was pretty depressed," said the student. "I had to walk by that building everyday for the last two years. I hated it when administration herded us from the five-minute walk into the Great Hall," he added.

"I remember standing inside in huddles with other students while administration yelled: 'You like this building. You like this building,' over and over."

"It was so damn cold."

"Now that it's gone I'll use this chunk of glass to remind me that good still happens in this world."

Kohn and Schriener were last seen outside York university. A group of hostile students throwing molotov cocktails and carrying bats chased them from the campus.

Campus police report

8:00 a.m.

Arrived at work late and feeling hung over from the night before. Watched students arrive for class. Helped one student, who was 42, 28, 36 and blond, carry her books to class.

Later I realized she matched a description of a suspected drug smuggler from Sweden. Had to frisk her and check her ID.

10:00 a.m.

Just woke up from my nap, nothing's happened. Went to Tim Horton's and got my free coffee. Had a fun conversation with two students smoking strange smelling, homemade cigars. I let them play with my Walkie Talkie and entertained them with my impression of John Wayne. They laughed, and laughed, and laughed. I'm a funny guy!

12:00 p.m.

Somebody's sending porn subscriptions to faculty members! I saw several disoriented and lightheaded faculty members with untucked shirts and hardon's lined up outside a washroom. I knew something was wrong.

I immediately administered mouth to mouth to as many as I could and had a student call 911.

When the faculty members were safe, I investigated and discovered someone e-mailed them Playboy subscriptions.

2:00 p.m.

Still investigating this horrid pornographic e-mail.

4:00 p.m.

Attended to a burglary call in phase 5 of residence. Residents said someone dressed completely in black broke into the laundry room and stole a metal box. The contents of the box are unknown.

6:00 p.m.

Helped a student change his flat tire. Had to lend him the cruisers' spare because his was missing. In its place was a metal box with...Shit!

10:00

Damn it, I fell asleep again. The phone woke me up. Another burglary call – this time the Blind Duck Pub.

Rushed to the scene and apprehended a disoriented high-school student.

He said he was looking for a fountain. Pointed him in the right direction, released him and wished him a nice stay at UTM.

Stupid kid thought the beer taps were water fountains. He broke both towers.

Had to drain the towers so the draught would not spill onto the floor.

The Medium is a waste of time

...and the film isn't much better

By Pig Latin

"Richie! Sh'not my fault that you shuck! And I'm gonna kick your ash!" says Mark Budgell, the news editor in the newspaper comedy-drama-horror-action-romance film *Medium Cock Shitty*, a bad take-off of Canadian jem *Porky's*, Ron Howard's masterpiece *The Paper*, and KISS's oscar shoe-in *Detroit Rock City*. This is one of the typically poorly-written and unoriginal lines in the horrible film – arguably the most unfocused and cluttered movie I've seen this year. The acting is all over the place, direction seems non-existent (was there even a director?), and the plot never seemed to show itself.

The film centres around a group of twenty-something losers who stumble through university and a late adolescence all while trying to keep their beloved student newspaper – aptly named "The Medium" – from the sharp talons of ass-kissing dorks, muscle bound pinheads, and evil administrators bent on ruining their weekly rag.

What should have been an interesting, provocative piece about the inside of Erindale student politics almost immediately turns into an eight-month marathon of binge drinking, sexual perversion, and "mother jokes."

Save yourself the torture of seeing this in person.

Here's the gist of the movie:

The staff is shucked into the new Student Centre, a building that the campus raves about, but, as our "heroes" quickly discover, turns out to be two-bit hunk of shit. They publish the newspaper. They take classes. Mixed in with this drama are hours upon hours upon hours upon hours upon hours of toilet humour. Sounds

good, don't it.

Things get better towards the end of the year when The Medium inquires into the state of UTM's (that's the backwards thinking college that this melodrama is based) athletics. For asking questions, The Medium is chastised by the director of athletics and her brainwashed student automatons. The director tries to give The Medium a lesson in ethics. Never fear, the rag-tag group of half-wits running The Medium win the day, beating their opponents at their own game. At least that's what they think.

Now, I have to say that from the get-go I was sick of this flick. It wasn't the story that was unsalvagable, it was the acting. Who ever cast these dips as student journalists should be hung in the Meeting Place.

There's Robert (played with convincing flatulence by Robert Price), the editor-in-chief who's fairly well respected throughout the school, but, once the door's closed, reverts to a slathering internet pornography enthusiast.

His right-hand man is Mark (played with an empty-headed ego by Mark Budgell), who's temper flares up whenever his life's in the shit house (which, like a never ending cliché, always is).

Avril, (Avril Loreti) the photo editor, is featured prominently in the trailers, but almost never seems to show up to the office. Too bad. Her presence great offsets the latent faggotry and childish antics of the other male characters.

Tracy (Tracy Moniz), the assistant news editor, discovers sexuality.

Mike (played by a lackluster Michael Schmidt) the loner computer guy who always dresses in black and talks about death, never seems to develop his character past the starched collar phase.

Cyrus (Cyrus Irani) is the burnt-out

advertising junkie who lives in a gutter without any clothes, and, like a pile of shit, is always in the way.

Bernie (Duncan Koerber) the former editor-in-chief hangs around the office to cling to his former glory days and socialize with Adam (played by an impotent Adam Giles), the washed-up jock sports editor.

Casting Richie Mehta as the over-rated, half competent Arts editor Richie is probably the biggest mistake of this piece. Mehta's acting oozes sentimentality and melodrama not seen since Mr. Roger's Neighborhood.

Sure the acting was bad, but let's not forget about the Quentin Tarentino-Eddie Murphy hybrid script. The writers sprinkle the script with "Fuck this," "Fuck that," "Fuck you," "Fucking shit," "Mother fucker," "Holy Shit," "Holy Christ," "Goddamn," and "Bitch" so often that you'd think you were witnessing a jailhouse rape. The actors deliver these lines with the finesse of lumberjacks. That's about all they seem to do well.

The romantic interludes, while they try to add substance to this moronic comedy, are the funniest part of the movie. The crowd woke and laughed as Richie, over-anticipating his first night with a girl, spends himself even before he gets his pants open.

But no matter how clever any of these seems, the film is no more than an exercise in bad writing, poor plot structure, and even worse acting. The fact that there's no ending doesn't help either.

Stay away from *Medium Cock Shitty*. Watch paint dry. Mow the lawn. Slit your wrist. Anything is more fun than this over-intimate look at the lives of dead-beat college students.

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Medium Cock City

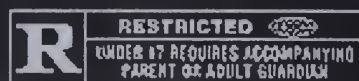
**Student journalists battle against oppressive administration
...and their own immaturity!**

"...spectacularly ignorant...
half-decent...scoop seeking
quasi-journalism..." Mike Thomas
"...negative..." Laurie Schirripa
"...unprofessional..." Mary Ann
Pilskalnietis



**Robert Price, Mark Budgell, Richie Mehta, Adam Giles,
Cyrus Irani, Tracy Moniz, Avril Loreti, Duncan Koerber**

Medium II Publications release a Medium Production film Medium Cock City featuring the talents of Robert Price Mark Budgell Richie Mehta
Adam Giles Tracy Moniz Cyrus Irani Michael Schmidt Duncan Koerber Natalie Doonan Jenille Prince Story and original screenplay by The Medium
Music by Napster Producers Sheraz Mahmood Fadi Minawi Mario Lagrotteria Chinedu Ukabam Agnes Ceglarz Executive Producer Nadia Sheikh
Delivery by Alafia King Directed by nobody because this is fake



Hits theatres on April 1st, 2000